

RUN AWAY

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Category: Supernatural

Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Dean W., Sam W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 03:19:36

Updated: 2016-04-12 03:19:36

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:30:49

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,384

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sam has a fight with John and takes off again. It's up to Dean to track Sam down, hopefully before something happens to him. Another short story showing their brotherly love.

RUN AWAY

A/N: To offset the dark one, I have a short one that shows their brotherly love. Hope you enjoy and makes you feel the unspoken love. Leave me a review, I do like to hear your thoughts. NC

* * *

><p>The sun had already set as Dean strolled toward their motel room. He let himself into the room expecting to be greeted by his little brother. Silence hit him in the face as he quickly looked around the room before sitting the bag of food on the table.<p>

"Sam?" Dean called hearing his voice echo off the walls, but no response from his brother. "Sam?" he questioned again moving to look in the bathroom. He turned and looked over the room one more time and saw a pack was missing, Sam's. "Sonovabi..." Dean hissed realizing what had happened.

Dad and Sam had gotten into a huge fight that morning. Sam wanted to enter a science project at school but Dad had told him not to bother, they would be moving on in a couple of days. Dean had to step between them to stop the fight coming to blows. Dad wouldn't have really hurt Sam, but he would of cuffed him around for being insubordinate and not obeying him. It seemed the older Sam got the more they butted heads. Dad had stormed off mumbling about a hunt and he would be back in a few days and Sam had gone to their bedroom to sulk and pout. Dean had had enough of both of them and headed out for some fresh air. Later in the afternoon, he ended up at a bar deciding he needed a few beers before going back to face his pain in the ass brother. Dad and Sam were so much alike and neither of them could see it. It

was all Dean could do to not just throw his bag in the Impala and drive, not looking back. But that strong bond he had with his younger brother couldn't be broken that easily. No matter what, Sammy was his responsibility and he had to protect him and keep him safe; whether he wanted it or not.

Dean stormed from the room and looked around the parking lot trying to decide where to start. Sam couldn't drive so he wouldn't steal a car. Dean climbed into the Impala and headed for the nearest bus station thinking Sam would want to get out of town. He only had to drive a few miles before finding a station and pulled into a parking spot. Dean got out trying to figure out how much of a lead Sam had. If you had left after Dean did this morning, that would mean he probably had at least a six hour lead. He headed inside to see what buses left around that time and see if he could decide where Sam went. He was so mad at him right now; he was ready to strangle him. If he didn't find him before their Dad got back...Dean didn't want to think about that. He got a schedule and questioned the cashier.

"Excuse me ma'am. I'm hoping you can help me?" Dean asked the older lady giving her his best innocent look. "You see my little brother and my Dad had a fight this morning and he ran away. I was hoping you might have seen him."

"Sorry I can't give out information about passengers." she told him.

"I understand that, but you see, my brother, he has a medical condition and he forgot his meds. I need to find him before he gets really sick." Dean lied turning his wounded eyes to her. "I had gone out for our lunch and he was gone when I came back. Anything you could tell me, please."

The woman looked at Dean and his earnest expression of hopefulness before answering. "I'm not supposed to do this, but since he has medical issues..." she started pulling out some papers from a stack. "What did he look like?"

"He's about this height." Dean said holding his hand to his chest. "Sort of skinny with long, shaggy brown hair and hazel eyes. He would of had a duffle with him, jeans and tee shirt and jacket."

"I think I do remember him. Polite and quiet he was. He had enough money for a ticket to Kingman, Arizona."

"Thank you so much ma'am. You've been a big help." Dean told her hurrying from the station to head back to the motel. He would check out and head for Kingman and hopefully find his brother. Dean pulled his cell from his jacket and speed dialed his Dad. He wasn't looking forward to this call and took a deep breath as it rang. It went to voice mail and Dean talked quickly. "Dad, Sammy ran away after your fight and I'm going after him. He got a bus ticket to Kingman, Arizona. As soon as I find him, we'll head back your way and meet up with you. Sorry Dad I..." Dean said as the beep sounded cutting him off. Well at least he didn't have to talk to his Dad and hear the disappointment in his voice. He hung up his cell and pulled out of the parking lot toward the motel.

spn

Sam looked out the window of the bus watching the scenery fast by without really seeing it. He had enough time now to calm down some, but he was still so mad at his Dad for not letting him enter the science fair. He was pretty sure he could of won the thing after hearing what others were doing. He couldn't understand why his father couldn't understand that he wanted to do some normal things, be a normal kid like his classmates. He didn't want to research cases and go on hunts for monsters. Sure he had been trained for hunting, just like his brother who lived for the hunt. Dean was strong and fast and cunning and Sam could never live up to his brother's skills. It seemed no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't do anything good enough to please his Dad. He was never fast enough or sneaky enough or quiet enough to get any praise from him. Sam wiped the tears from his eyes and glanced around making sure no one was watching him.

Leaving was hard because he was leaving Dean too. He knew Dean was going to go crazy trying to find him but he had a pretty good start and hoped he could stay a step ahead of him. He worshipped his older brother and thought of him as just as much a father as their real Dad. Dean had raised him after their Mom died. He made sure he had food to eat even if it meant going without himself. Dean tried to give Sam as much of a normal life as he could and still appease their Dad. Sam was on pins and needles whenever Dean was out hunting without him, afraid that something might happen to him. He has sewn up Dean's wounds and doctored his minor injuries whenever needed. Dean had always made him feel useful and wanted. He knew his Dad tried most of the time, but he could be so stubborn and not want to give an inch when they were on a hunt. If only he would just listen to him once and a while, Sam thought sadly.

****spn****

The gas station was not busy as Dean pulled up to a pump to fill up his Baby and grab something to eat and drink. He had been driving for nearly five hours on his way to Kingman and hopefully his little brother. This was not the first time Sam had split like this, but at least the other times he didn't get far and was easy to find. He went to a library one time and stayed there all day. Another time Dean found him camping out in the woods near a park across town from their motel. But this time he was more resourceful and smarter and knew more about how to stay under the radar. He didn't take a cell phone with him, so he couldn't be tracked that way. He used cash to buy the bus ticket and he picked a location that was just big enough for him to disappear in but not too big to get lost.

Their father had not called back and Dean didn't know if that was good or bad. He knew his Dad usually didn't answer his phone when on a hunt; it claimed it was too distracting, but he would check his voice mail every so often. Dean figured if he was in too much trouble, his Dad would be calling by now. He would be so glad when Sam was through these rebellious, obnoxious, teenage years and settle down. He knew Sam wanted to do more with his life that he didn't want to be a hunter forever. Somewhere in the farthest corner of his mind there was a little spark that wanted something different too. But he knew that couldn't happen for him; he was too far gone to change. Hunting was ingrained in his blood now and he wasn't going to be able to change that. When the time came, Dean was going to be sure Sam got that chance he so desperately wanted no matter what their Dad said. He

would stand up for him like he always did.

After paying for the gas and grabbing a snack, Dean hit the road again hoping with the bus schedule stop he could beat or at least get to the town about the same time as Sam. He popped in a tape and rolled the window down and cruised down the highway trying not to think about the possible trouble that Sam could walk into.

****spn****

Unbeknown to Dean, Sam had changed his ticket at the last stop and was now heading for Bullhead City, approximately thirty miles west of Kingman. He got off the bus and looked around the area. He saw signs for Lake Mead and the Grand Canyon. Their Dad had taken them to the Grand Canyon when he was around four or five. It had been such a good time. They were acting like a real family for a change. Those were some of the happier memories he had of his childhood. He had only learned that monsters were real when he was nine and read his Dad's journal. That was the day his childhood ended and he started training to be a warrior right along beside Dean. At least Dean did try to give him some happy memories since then. He always tried to either get a cupcake or small cake for his birthday each year no matter where they might be. There were a couple of times it had to wait until after a hunt, but he still did it. That's what made Sam love him that much more; Dean always put his wants and needs first above his own.

Hearing his stomach growl, Sam headed for a fast food place and ordered a kid's meal since he could get that cheaper than a regular meal. He didn't have much money and had to make it last as long as he could until he could decide where he was going from here. He took his food and found a quiet place in a park and ate his food watching the people stroll, jog, run by without seeing him. The first thing he learned from Dean was how to blend in and be invisible to others. He had worked hard learning this trick and was glad he did.

****spn****

The bus pulled up to the station and parked allowing the passengers to disembark. Dean was waiting to the side watching each person until the bus was empty. The driver got off and Dean approached him to ask if he'd seen his brother.

"Excuse me, I'm looking for my brother, about this tall, shaggy, brown hair, he'd of been alone." Dean asked.

"Yeah, was the only kid on the bus, he got off at one of the stops and didn't get back on. I think I saw him boarding another bus toward Bullhead City, but I could be wrong." he told Dean before heading into the station.

That little shit, Dean fumed mad at him but proud of him too. He had switched it up mid stream and changed his destination to throw him off. Sam knew Dean would come after him and was trying to throw him off the trail. He headed back to the Impala and headed back west. Bullhead City was only about forty minutes from Kingman so he hoped to get there before he took off again. He had to admit, his brother was smarter than he wanted people to know.

****spn****

Darkness was descending and Sam knew he needed to find a place to stay the night that was safe and out of the weather. He looked up at the darkening storm clouds and knew rain was coming and soon. He wandered toward the more populated area of the small town hoping for maybe an abandoned building or structure that no one else was using. He knew he needed to be careful and felt again for the gun that was tucked into the back of his jeans for comfort. He knew what areas to avoid and hunched into his jacket as a cool breeze ruffled his hair sending it into his eyes. He brushed it back with one hand and searched ahead of him for a suitable place.

Sam was moving out of the business district and into more residential area with schools, parks, grocery stores and a library. It was a decent size library for the size of the town and he headed for the front doors. Closing time was nine pm, so he had nearly four hours that he could walk around and maybe find a place to hide out and spend the night. A streak of lightening flashed across the sky as he stepped into the main lobby and huge drops of rain began to pelt the sidewalk outside. The landscape was turned into a dismal, grey ghost town since no one wanted to be caught outside in the storm.

His first stop was the restroom that was near the front doors. Sam did his business and washed off as good as he could trying to smooth down his shaggy hair. He put on a clean shirt and decided that was the best he could do for now. After shouldering his backpack, Sam headed back out into the main part of the library slowly walking around checking out the security for the place. He saw motion detectors mounted in certain locations and noted them on the map in his mind. After making a complete sweep of the place, Sam strolled into the young readers section looking for something to read. He listened to the beating of the rain on the skylights as he settled down in a comfortable chair to read. He was positioned where he could see the doors and the main desk with the librarian seated at the desk. There were several other people milling around looking at magazines, books and a couple in the reference section using the books. Sam kept an eye on the time wanting to disappear before it got too close to closing and he was the only one left. He had found a storage room that looked like it would suit his needs for the night and tomorrow he would decide what he was going to do. He didn't want to admit it, but he missed Dean. He was always there for him and was his buffer with their Dad. He looked up when the lights flickered from the storm and hoped they didn't lose power or he might be thrown out in the rain.

Luck was not with him on this stormy night when the librarian announced they were going to be closing early tonight if everyone would get ready to leave in the next thirty minutes. Sam looked up and sighed, defeated that he was going to have to brave the storm after all. It didn't look like it was letting up anytime soon as Sam looked out the glass front into the wet darkness. He hunched down in his coat and shouldered his pack standing at the doors waiting until the last minute before he had to brave the storm.

****spn****

Dean drove into the storm fifteen miles outside of Bullhead City. The rain was coming down so hard he had to slow to a crawl and then still

couldn't see but a car length in front of him. He blinked hard when a streak of lightening flashed across the sky blinding him for a moment. His little brother panic meter went up as high as it could get go when he realized Sammy was probably out in this monsoon. He knew better than to go to a shelter for fear of cops being called and he knew to avoid the homeless at all cost for fear of being robbed or worse. With the slower speed, it was going to take him another hour or more to get to the town and then he had no idea where to look for the kid. He decided to find the public library and see if by sheer luck he was there and haul his ass back toward Dad.

****spn****

Sam was soaked before he even got to the end of the sideway in front of the library. Sam looked up and down the street wiping his dripping hair from his face and turned left tramping toward the school. He remembered seeing a park nearby and hoped he could find a dry spot to wait out the storm. He was beginning to shake as rain ran down his back and his clothes were plastered to his skin making him that much colder. He couldn't believe he was too stupid to not bring a cell phone with him in case of emergencies. He could of kept it off and Dean wouldn't of been able to track him. He clutched his arms around his trembling body and looked around the park when a streak of lightening gave enough light to see. He spotted a partly sheltered place under a slide and made for it. Sam hunkered under the slide shaking so hard he couldn't relax. He was still getting partly rained on but the slide was stopping the worse of the storm. Silent tears mixed in with the rivulets of rain that ran down his face as he so wished Dean were here to save him. He wrapped his arms around his knees, trying to make himself as small as possible and rested his head on his knees and tried to remember what it was like to be dry and warm.

****spn****

An hour and a half later, Dean finally pulled into the town limits of Bullhead City. He was lucky it was a small town and he began to cruise the streets looking for his brother. He found the bus stop and rolled through the lot and on toward the business district. Foot traffic was light because of the rain so he didn't have very many people to look at as he worked a grid pattern through the town. He stopped at a gas station to fill the car and went inside to check if Sam had been there. The clerk didn't remember any kid coming in lately and Dean continued his search. He found the shelter and stopped just in case Sam decided it was better than the storm, but didn't find him in there either. On the outskirts of the town, Dean checked out several abandoned buildings only to find homeless people but no Sam. He was starting to get worried as he finally found the library to find it had closed early so that was out.

****spn****

The rain was finally beginning to let up at little and Sam tried to conserve any heat left in his body. He had never been this cold and he was starting to get sleepy. He thought maybe if he took a short nap the rain will have stopped and he could get up. He closed his eyes as his shivering started to get less as his body shut down. Sam was almost unconscious when he heard a familiar rumble coming slowly down the street. He opened his eyes enough to see headlights on the street and knew it was his brother. Sam tried to crawl out from under

the slide but fell to the side when his legs wouldn't support him. He crawled toward the road trying to get his attention as the black car slowly rolled by not seeing him. In one final attempt to get Dean's attention, he pulled his gun out and with numb fingers finally got the safety off and a finger on the trigger. He rolled to his back and fired the gun up into the air twice before letting it fall to the ground beside him as he lost his battle with consciousness. The rain continued to beat down on him and he didn't hear the Impala back up and stop.

****spn****

Dean drove on by the library and continued down the street looking for any sign of Sam. He glanced toward the park and didn't see anything that resembled his brother before moving on. He had just gotten past the park when gun shots had him slamming on the breaks and throwing the car in reverse to back up. Dean stopped in front of the park and took out his flashlight and shone it out into the park finally seeing a mound near the slide. He jumped out and ran toward the mound knowing it was his brother.

"Damn Sammy!" Dean complained picking up his gun and grabbing his brother under his arms to pull him up and over his shoulder to carry him to the car. He opened the back and got Sam positioned on the back seat and quickly checked him for injury. When he felt his face, he knew what was wrong and shut the door deciding he needed to find a motel and get his brother dry and warm. His body felt like an ice cube and he was trembling uncontrollably. He remembered seeing motels out near the main road and quickly turned the car around and headed that way. He turned on the heat as high as it would go to get some warmth in the car. "Hang on Sammy, I'll get us a room and get you warmed up and you'll be good as new." he mumbled to himself more than to Sam.

****spn****

It didn't take Dean long to find a decent motel, a step up from what they usually stayed in, and got a room. He grabbed his bag and opened the door before getting his brother out of the car. He laid Sam on a bed and turned the heat up before stripping out of his wet clothes and grabbing the towels from the bathroom. He quickly put on sweats and tee and turned to his brother to do the same. Dean worked Sam's wet clothes off him, laying a towel across his lower body to give him some privacy. Taking one of the towels, Dean began to dry his body rubbing it briskly to get the circulation going and quickly towel dried his stringy hair. He looked in his pack but most of his clothes were damp or soaked so he grabbed a tee shirt from his bag and a pair of briefs. He knew they would be too big, but it was better than nothing.

Sam still hadn't regained conscious as Dean ministered to him, getting him as dry as he could. He pulled back the covers on his bed and moved Sam to it. He laid out Sam's damp clothes to dry and gathered up there soaked one in a pile before turning off all the lights but a lamp by the bed. Dean climbed in bed with Sam and pulled his ice cold body into his embrace and pulling the blankets up over them. Dean settled down shivering slightly as he rubbed Sam's cold body trying to get warm. He could hear his teeth chattering and his shivering began to increase, but he knew that was good.

"It's ok Sammy, I got ya." Dean whispered to him listening to his labored breathing.

Sam coughed several times and moaned trying to pull himself from the darkness. He sensed something had changed but couldn't process what it was. He thought he heard his brother talking to him but only thought he was dreaming. Warmth was beginning to spread through his limbs as his body continued to shiver.

"You know I'm gonna kick your ass when you wake up. This was a stupid move Sammy, what if I didn't hear your gun? You could of died out there and then what would I have done? You're my responsibility Sammy; I'm supposed to keep you safe." Dean talked to an unconscious Sam hoping he would hear and wake up. "You know Dad is goin' to have a cow about this right? At least I found you. I have to admit, you did pretty good disappearing, but you should of known I would find you." he continued to rattle on about anything while rubbing small circles down Sam's back. He felt his forehead and decided it felt warm. He was sure Sammy was going to be sick after being soaked to the skin.

****spn****

Sam's limbs felt heavy and his head hurt as he started pulling himself out of the mist that blanketed his mind. He didn't feel wet anymore and he wasn't sure where he was. He could feel the rise and fall of someone breathing under his cheek as he tried to make his eyes open. He tried to move his body only to feel arms tighten around him.

"Sammy, can you open your eyes for me?" Dean asked feeling movement finally in his brother. "Come on, you can do it." he urged.

"Dee..." Sam asked weakly as he forced his eyelids open to see his brother's concerned face looking at him.

"There you are, 'bout time you woke up. You had me worried there. How ya feeling?" he asked him.

"H'd hu't." Sam mumbled squinting his eyes together as he coughed hard. He could feel his nose starting to run and mucus starting to drip from his nose. Before he could cough again, Dean put a tissue into his hand so he could blow his nose.

"You feel warm; let me get you some medicine." Dean told him slipping his arm out from under his body and slipping out of bed.

Sam curled into the warm spot he left, already feeling cooler with his absent. He shivered slightly hoping he would hurry and get back in bed with him.

"Hey, they got some hot chocolate here, let me heat some water and we'll have a cup." Dean called to him as he busied himself making the hot liquid. He knew his brother needed something warm in him.

"O-o-o-k-k." Sam sneezed sending snot across the blanket.

"Ugh Sammy that's just gross." Dean complained tossing a box of tissues onto the bed beside him. "Here, blow your nose, I'll get a

wet cloth."

Dean headed into the bathroom to wet a washcloth so he could wipe his face off.

"Dee, bathroom." Sam said as he slid to the edge of the bed and tried to stand up. His wobbly legs barely held him up as he stumbled toward the bathroom only to have Dean grab him before he face planted on the floor.

"Wow there Sammy, don't need ya fallin' and breakin' somethin'." Dean told him helping him into the bathroom. He got him to the commode and let him lean against the counter. "You got it from here?"

"Yes, thanks Dee." Sam said his voice sound scratchy and rough. He coughed several times and spit mucus into the commode before letting the too big briefs fall to the floor so he could sit on the commode. He looked down at what he was wearing and still wasn't able to think clearly yet, couldn't put together why he had Dean's clothes on.

"You ok in there Sammy?" Dean called to him.

"Yes." Sam croaked as his voice cracked and he started coughing again. Sam spit into the trash can and pulled Dean's briefs back up before standing up to wash his hands. He held them under the hot water feeling a tingling as they warmed. Being careful, he shuffled to the other room and made it to the bed before dropping down on it. He was trembling slightly from the trip and looked up when Dean held a cup in front of him.

"Here, drink some of this and take these." he ordered him placing two pills in his hand.

Sam sipped the hot liquid, seeing Dean had cooled it down where he could drink it. He popped the two pills in his mouth and swallowed some more of the cocoa feeling it warm his insides. He sipped a little more before holding it out to Dean that he was done.

"Good, now get back in the bed." Dean told him taking their cups to the counter.

"You comin'?" Sam asked hoarsely as he wiped his nose before slipping back under the covers. Tossing the one he sneezed all over back out of the way.

"Yeah, just a sec." Dean replied checking the clothes to see if they needed turning. He pulled a blanket from the other bed and replaced the one Sam tossed off. "How you feeling?"

"Head stopped up." he coughed softly into a tissue as Dean settled down beside him letting his brother snuggle tightly to him.

"Hopefully it doesn't get any worse. I'll go get you some medicine in the morning. Try to get some sleep." Dean told him wrapping his arms back around his brother. "Just 'cause you're sick, don't mean ya get off he hook for running away."

"I 'no." Sam mumbled into his chest relishing in the warmth of his

brother's body. He did feel a little warm and hoped the meds would kick in and bring it down. He was exhausted from his ordeal and just wanted to sleep beside his brother. He knew Dean would look after him like he always did and knew he wouldn't stay mad at him for long. Sam heard Dean beginning to hum the same song he always sung to him when he was sick or had a nightmare and couldn't sleep. With the melody rolling around in his head, he let it pull him under and went to sleep.

Dean could tell when Sam gave it up and let himself go to sleep. His breathing was rough since he couldn't breathe too good through his stopped up nose. He continued to hum and sing a few lines to his brother as he relaxed into his side. Dean brushed his brother's hair from his face and laid a hand on his forehead to see if he was still warm. He tucked the blankets around both of them being sure Sam was covered well. He would take care of his brother like he always did and nurse him back to health. Then he would tear him a new one.

****The End****

End
file.